

A Perticular  
A C C O U N T  
O F T H E  
Defeat of the Rebbels

At *WISBICH* in the Isle of Ely.

*By His Majesties Forces yesterday Morning, with the number of the Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, &c. taken Prisoners, with their Cannon and Ammunition, &c.*

**S**uch was the Villany of a great part of this Rebellious Regiment (late the Lord *Dunbarton's*) that notwithstanding his Majesty's Princely Care, in sending them 1300 *Guineas* for Advance Money, and to pay off their Arrears, and the great *Civility* shew'd them by their *Collonel* and other *Officers*, nothing could take them off from their intended *Revolt* and *Rebellion*, the manner of which an *Account* has been already given, and since our last they continued in a *Body*, taking their *Way* towards *Cambridgeshire*, to endeavour to get into the *Northern Road*; but as they began their *March*, one of the *Ammunition Waggon*s with *Powder*, blew up, killed One, and hurt some others. The *First Night* they reached *Stow Market*, and lay in the *Church*: But his Majesty having an *immediate Account* of this their rebellious *Proceedings*, forthwith dispatched Three *Regiments* of *Horse*, and one of *Dragoons*, with *Instructions*, if they refused to surrender at *Discretion*, to fall on and reduce them by *Force*, who were so expeditious in the *Undertaking*, that on *Tuesday Evening* they arrived at *St. Ives*, and there understanding, that they were marched from *Mildenhall* and retired to *Wisbich* in the *Isle of Ely*; *Count Solmes*, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Forces, sent *Marshal Schomberg* an *Express*, That he was advanced within some few *Miles* of the *Rebels*; which, tho they had got themselves into a *Fastness* almost impassible for *Horse*, being a *Fenny Contry*; and had planted their *Cannon* upon a *Causeway*, where they must approach, yet he was resolved the next *Morning* to attack them in their *Post*: And briskly advancing upon them, some of their *Hearts* began to fail, and were desirous to *Surtender*, upon whom they held a *Council of War*, and hang'd, as 'tis said, about *Fourteen* or *Fifteen* of their *Companions*: And being pressed by the *King's Forces*, and and not judging that *Place* of sufficient *Security*, they retreated to the *Town of Sleaford*, where being surrounded, and *Fire* being ready to be given, upon them, they sent forth their *Commander*, with his *Cravat* about his *Neck*, *Halter-wise*, who Submitted intirely to the *Mercy* of the *King*, forthwith laying down their *Arms*, surrendering themselves into their *Custody*; which *Account* *Collonel Langstone* sent *Express* this *Morning* to *Whitehall*. Six *Captains*, Eight *Lieutenants*, and Seven *Ensigns*, who are all in *Prison*, and His Majesty's *Pleasure* to know how they should be proceeded against: And we hear that some among them offers to *Discover* who were *Advisers* of this *Mischievous Project* to *Embarras* the *King's Affairs*.

Printed for Richard Wier, at the Swan in *Bishopsgate-street*.